

ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS,

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M. M. VIALI.

J. C. VIALI, Editor.

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AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Alpena Weekly Argus.

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VOLUME I.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1871.

NUMBER 14.

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and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions and Provisions,
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Provisions, Liquors, Etc., Second street, north side
the bridge, Alpena, Mich. 1T. LUCE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry and Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots,
Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Patent
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Inspector and Commission Dealer in Lumber,
Lath and Shingles. Particular attention given to
the inspection and shipping of lumber. Orders so-
lided for the purchase of lumber, lath and shingles,
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Perry & Co., Ross & King, Chippewa, Walbridge,
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Co., F. W. Gilchrist, E. Roberts & Butterfield, Al-
pena; Mixer & Smith, Buffalo.WILLIAM McMASTER,
Dealer in and Manufacturer of
Boots, Shoes, Harnesses, Trunks, etc.,
Has a stock on hand, consisting of Wagon,
Express, Buggy and Lumber Harnesses, Collars,
Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Horse Blankets, Buggy
Clothing and Mats. Custom made French Calf
and Kid Boots and Shoes. Bows Boots and a gen-
eral stock of everything pertaining to the leather
trade. Mr. M. can now be found at his new store,
in rear of Potter Brothers' hardware store, where he
will be pleased to see his friends. 1LIVERY STABLE.
The subscribers have removed from the Exchange
Barn to their New Stable, on the corner of Second
street and Section Line Road, where they are pre-
pared to furnishLivery Rigs
Of all kinds, at reasonable rates.
McDADE & REGINN.WM. H. PHELPS,
Dealer in
Lime, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, and
Hair.Ready-Made Mortar for Sale at all
times.Contracts taken for all kinds of Mason Work,
plain or ornamental. Material furnished if re-
quired. Office with A. L. Power & Co. 1IRA STOUT,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Attention paid to
Collections, Payment of Taxes, Con-
veyances, etc.Office with J. D. Holmes, on Second street,
Alpena, Mich. 1HAWKINS & ROCHON,
House and Sign Painters!
Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, etc., done in
the most approved style and at reasonable prices
at the shortest notice.Shops in rear of Goodrich's jewelry store, on
Second street.Meat Market.
CHAS. HUEBER,
On Water street, next to the Post Office, keeps con-
stantly on hand, a good stock of all kinds ofFRESH MEATS,
Hams, Shoulders, Lard, etc., which he sells at
reasonable rates.BENTON HOUSE,
First Class Hotel,
Cheboygan, Mich.

M. S. GAGNON, Proprietor. \$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE!

BURRELL HOUSE,
Alpena, Mich.,
A. E. McCLAIN, Prop'r.Situating within a short distance of the
Magnetic Springs. 7

WIM AND SEE TAO

Formerly occupied by E. K. Keesling.

In Blackburn's Building.

BARBER SHOP

JOY! JOY!! JOY!!!

Good News to the Afflicted.

The Alpena Magnetic Spring Company
beg leave to announce to the public that their new
Bath House is now open to all. The water of this
Spring is very powerful, and many remarkable
cures have been effected by its use. It cures many
diseases of the Skin, Scatula, Rheumatism, Chronic
and Inflammatory, Paralysis, Erysipelas, Dys-
pepsia, Kidney Complaint, Neuritis and all nerve
diseases. None who are affected need despair!
Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are be-
ing performed every day which are truly wonderful.
Bath House open from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. dur-
ing the week, and from 6 to 10 A. M. on Sundays.
W. M. 2, H. E. M. D.

Consulting Physician and Manager.

MONEY
Can be made by canvassing for
Our Own Fireside!OUR OWN FIRESIDE is a large, 16-page Liter-
ary Paper, with fine illustrations, and the best of
Stories and Family reading. Price \$1.50 a year.EVERY SUBSCRIBER
Receives a
Fine Fruit ChromoAS A PREMIUM,
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write to the publisher, an arrangement can be made
so that the Chromo and paper can be seen before the
money is forwarded.The most liberal premiums to canvassers are given,
and with the Fruit Chromo for every subscriber, it
is so simple to get all these. A prominent
display of Cashington Co. writes that he got
"nine subscribers in ten minutes, by merely show-
ing the 'Fireside' Premium."Cash Premiums also given.
Addressee:
W. E. GUMPE,
Byron, Ohio.Publisher of Our Own Fireside, and managing
partner of the firm of G. Crook & Co.CHAS. GOLLING,
House, Sign and
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!Painting, Graining, Glazing,
Paper-Hanging, etc.,Done in the most artistic manner, and at
short notice.Having secured the service of one of the best
grainers in the State, I am now prepared to do all
kinds of work in my line in a manner that cannot
be excelled in Michigan.CHAS. GOLLING,
River street, Alpena.TREASURER'S NOTICE--Notice is hereby
given that the undersigned, Treasurer of the
City of Alpena, received the tax for the year 1871, on
the second Monday in July, and the same will be re-
turned by him for forty days thereafter, that dur-
ing the first twenty days of said forty days, said
Treasurer will receive all taxes assessed thereon
without the addition of any commission or per cent-
age for collection; that during the remaining ten
days of said forty days, persons paying taxes will
be charged one per cent. additional on their
assessments; and that after the expiration of said
forty days, said roll will be returned to the Comptrol-
ler of said city, who will cause to be made out a
copy of so much of said Assessment Roll as shall
then remain due and unpaid, adding thereon such
percentage as shall have been fixed by the Common
Council for the collection of such taxes or assess-
ments, not exceeding four per cent. And that with-
in ten days thereafter said Treasurer will receive
said last mentioned roll and proceed to collect and
receive the taxes thereon assessed up to the last
Saturday of October next.Notice is further given, that the said Treasurer
is not required by law to call upon the persons as-
sessed on such roll, or demand the payment of such
taxes.

Office at A. Hopper's.

A. L. POWER,
City Treasurer. 503

Dated, Alpena, July 10, 1871.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE ARGUS!

I perceived her's was marked for
New York, and after some hesitation
I said:

"You go to the city?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile of
winning candor; "that I presume you
have already found out.""I shall keep your company, then,"
I observed pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir."

There was a slight dignity, I thought,
in her tone, which repelled further
familiarity, so, as I am a very modest
man, I drew back and said nothing
more. On rushed the steam horse on
its iron pathway. One more station

The Composer.

BY ONE OF THEM.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With body tired and sick,
The pale-faced printer stands at his case,
Setting up type in a 'stink.'"Pick, pick, pick!
Letter and space and lead;
Pick, pick, pick!
O! how weary the hand and head!Letter and space and lead,
Lead and letter and space,
What wonder then that a printer has
Such a wan and dejected face!No matter how late the hour--
No matter how tired or sick;
The jaded printer must stand at his case
Filling up type in his 'stink.'"How wearily passes the hours;
How weary body and brain;
But his hand must move, however hard
The effort, or great the pain.Click, click, click!
The letters drop in their places,
And pale, pale, pale,
Is the weary printer's face--
O! how he sighs for a restAs he dolefully hums a rhyme;
But it's all in vain--the paper's behind,
And it never is out 'till time."As he moodily stands at his case,
With a mingled sigh and groan,
He sighs for some good thing
Where printing is unknown!And his heart begins to throb,
And his brain begins to reel--
O! who can paint the distress
That the worn out printers feel!Remember when you pray,
For you must have the news
If we work both night and day,
Our life is a life of toil.And pale and thin our faces
While we repose on a bed of down
We printers are at our cases."With fingers weary and worn,"
And face of ashen hue,
The weary printer stands at his case,
Waiting his life for you.

Railroad Flirtation.

"Katonah" shouted the brake-
man, opening the car door as the train
passed before a pleasant station on the
Harlem Railroad.I do not know as I should have par-
ticularly noticed that we stopped at
all, for I had been napping it for some
miles; but just as I was casting an
inquiring, sleepy look out of the win-
dow and setting myself for an another
"siesta," my attention was attracted
by the entrance of a young lady, a
way passenger, who, perceiving the
car well filled, paused before me in
evident embarrassment.I scarcely wish the reader to infer
from this that there was no vacant
seats; on the contrary, the chair I oc-
cupied was selfishly monopolized by my
shawl and valise, which had ex-
cluded many an applicant; and so the
door opened, and I mentally resolved
not to budge an inch; but a glance at
the new comer changed my mind.She was a young lady of exceeding
beauty, dressed in the richest style of
the present fashion. Whether it was
her genteel aspect or the soft melan-
choly of her dark, impressive eyes I
cannot say, but she ventured, almost
timidly, to inquire if the half seat by
my side "was engaged." I gallantly
arose and proffered it to her at once.I must acknowledge that I felt some-
what flattered by her preference; for
though a young man, and tolerably
good looking, I had the sense to per-
ceive that there were better ones
around, who, like me, might have
shared their chair with the handsome
lady stranger. I fancied they envied
me, too, as the fair girl sat plump
down, and her dainty form nestled
close to my side."I fear I have disturbed you," said
my companion, in a low, sweet voice,
that thrilled me with its cadence."Not at all, Miss," I rejoined with
stereotyped politeness. "I am so hap-
py to oblige you."She bowed and smiled a reply, and
then a short pause ensued, as is usual
upon such acquaintanceship. In the
meanwhile the train started, and we
rattled swiftly through the fields and
woods, now decked with the lively
tints of spring. The conductor came
in and went his customary routine of
examining the tickets.I perceived her's was marked for
New York, and after some hesitation
I said:

"You go to the city?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile of
winning candor; "that I presume you
have already found out.""I shall keep your company, then,"
I observed pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir."

There was a slight dignity, I thought,
in her tone, which repelled further
familiarity, so, as I am a very modest
man, I drew back and said nothing
more. On rushed the steam horse on
its iron pathway. One more stationhad been passed, and I was fast re-
lapsing into my former apathy, when
my lady friend, to my surprise, leaned
toward me and whispered:

"I am so timid on the cars."

"Indeed," said I, quite charmed
with her abruptness; "you surely are
well accustomed to traveling.""Perfectly; but that is not it, ex-
actly. There are so many dreadful
accidents on the railroad," she replied,
with some nonchalance.

"Dreadful, indeed," I echoed.

"And," said my companion with
naivette, "it is so unpleasant to travel
unattended, I usually have my brother
Charley with me; he is a splendid
escort.""If you will allow me, I will gladly
occupy that position," said I, quite
gallantly."I am much obliged to you, sir, yet
I am accepting the escort of a stranger
--not that I fear you, sir, but, alas! I
have a jealous father," replied the
young lady, with a grateful glance
from her dark orbs."A jealous father?" I replied, some-
what puzzled and surprised."Ah, yes," said the young lady, "it
is my misfortune, while having wealth,
health, and almost everything that
heart can wish, to be under the tyrannical
control of an old step-father,
who treats me oftentimes in the most
cruel manner; debars me from the so-
ciety of your sex, shuts me up in the
gloomy confines of my chamber, and
treats me with the pitiless rigor, if I
do much as speak or look at a man.""What a monster!" I ejaculated,
with a face of melodramatic sympa-
thy."That is why I am so diffident
about entrusting myself to your care,
but I do it on one condition.""Name it!" I rejoined, charmed and
delighted with the strange confidence
the young lady was reposing in me."That you leave me the instant the
cars reach New York."I was so bewildered by the beauty
and charming innocence of my friend,
that I readily gave the desired pledge;
apparently quite relieved, the young
lady threw aside all reserve, and talk-
ed and chatted with me in the most
pleasant manner. It is needless to
say that in an hour's time, I had so
far advanced in her good graces as to
venture to press her hand, and the
sweet half coquettish smile that played
around the corners of her cherry lips,
did not seem to disapprove of the li-
berty I had taken."Do you know that I liked your
face the first time I saw it?" said she,
as we sat talking confidently together."It was sympathetic on both sides,
then," I whispered, drawing so near
to her that I could feel her breath fan
my cheek."Yes," she murmured, gently with-
drawing herself from my glowing em-
brace, for we had passed through the
tunnel, and I had taken a lovers ad-
vantage, and snatched a hasty kiss."You are a naughty man, the
naughtiest man I ever saw. If pa-
should be on the train what would he
say?" she said in a low and tremulous
voice."Never fear, sweet creature; your
cross old father is miles away, and let
us improve the present opportunity,"
I rejoined, earnestly."Are you aware that there is another
tunnel beyond, a great deal darker,
than the one we have left?" she
observed, half mischievously."I know it. We are drawing near
to it very fast," said I, with a tender
glance at my fair enslaver.Once more I placed my arm around
the waist of the young lady, and wrap-
ped in the gloom of the tunnel, took
sweet pledges from her lips. It was
gratifying to my vanity--all good-
looking men are vain, you know--to
perceive that my lovely companion
clung more affectionately to me than
before; indeed I had scarcely time to
tear myself from her arms when we
entered once more into broad day light.She had let her veil drop over her face,
and I could detect the crimson flush
through the fine net work of her lace.Her voice betrayed much agitation as
she whispered:"I have gone too far with you, sir;
alas, you have ceased to respect me.""My sweet charmer, let us ever be
man and wife; give me your name and ad-
dress," I ejaculated.

"My name and address you must

never know; I already feel frightened
to think how far I have permitted my-
self to venture with a stranger. For-
give me and forget," she responded.

"A flirt, a coquette."

"No, no, I am not a flirt, but I dare
not--as much as I think of you, I dare
not let the acquaintance proceed
further. Have pity on me; have
pity!" she returned, hurriedly, press-
ing my hand.She looked so pleadingly, with those
soft eyes gleaming through the silken
meshes of her veil, that I could not
persuade myself to be offended with
her. At last she reluctantly consented
to give her name, and handing a pret-
tily embossed card, I read, "Kate
Darrell, No. -- University Place."The train had reached Thirty-second
street, and I could readily see
that my fair innamorata grew every
moment more restless and disturbed.First her head peered out of the win-
dow, then she would half rise and
cast hurried and fearful glances be-
hind.Already I was beginning to share
the uncomfortable feeling of my com-
panion, as visions of angry papa
flourishing a cane over my head, rose
vividly before my mind's eye, when
suddenly Miss Darrell uttered an ex-
clamation and darted from the car.I wondered at the ease and dexter-
ity with which she descended, though
the car was propelled quite rapidly by
horse power, but my wonder and sur-
prise were destined to be considerably
increased when a few minutes after-
wards, a thick set, stern looking in-
dividual entered from the other side,
inquisitively scanning the face of every
passenger."Hallo! has a young lady been oc-
cupying this seat?" said he rather
gruffly, pausing before me."Yes, sir," I replied, somewhat dis-
concerted and quite abashed."Light jockey, maroon silk, and gray
traveling cloak?" pursued the gentle-
man interrogatively."I believe that was her costume," I
replied somewhat sulkily."By gad! she's given me the slip
again!" cried the gentleman, slapping
his breeches pocket with much empha-
sis."Given you the slip!" I repeated,
a sudden and awful light breaking
upon me."Yes, the jade is as sharp as a
needle.""Pray, sir, may I be so bold as to
inquire if you are the father of that
young lady?" said I, with a slight
sensation of suffocation."Father! the devil--no, sir--I am
a detective.""Then who is the young lady?"
continued I, with a desperate calm-
ness."Bless your soul, she is Nancy
Dacors, the fashionable female pick-
pocket. By gad, sir, has she been
playing her points on you?"The detective grinned, and the
passengers gradually comprehending
the "situation," smiled provokingly--
I did not reply; the intelligence was
stunning and mortifying in the highest
degree. So my beautiful traveling
companion was nothing more than a
member of the "swell mob," and I,
while flattering myself upon having
made a conquest, had been the victim
of a designing deceiver, and well had
she duped me; for even while I was
snatching those kisses, she had reliev-
ed me of my watch and purse, and
as I never saw her or the valuable
again, it may be believed that my ad-
venture was not without its moral, or
that I was thereafter not quite as
eager for a railroad flirtation.

A Night of Horror.

A new western town, but lately re-
lained from the wilderness, where
the houses are few, mean and ugly,
and the streets mud and dust, the trees de-
stroyed, and the general appearance
one of poverty struggling with heavy
obstacles; where the wolves run the
mail ahead of time, and night is made
hideous, by a tailor practicing on a
fute--this is a good place to get away
from.Into such a town as this, I once rode
on horseback at the end of a weary
day. Night had closed in, and I was
guided to the hotel by the thousand
and one boys of the place, and the
noise issuing from the bar room, no less
beastly and disagreeable. I found thelandlord shut up in a corner pen deal-
ing out liquid insanity to his custom-
ers. To my request for supper and a
bed, he replied I could eat my fill, but
there was not a bed unengaged or not
occupied in the house. I persisted,
until the wretch informed me that
there was a "feller" in number six
occupying a double bed, and I could
"roll in there" if so minded.It was dismal, but my only hope;
so after the evening indigestion I
climbed the rough stairs to number six.I was told by the landlord to walk in
without knocking, and did do.It was a cheerless room without
carpets on the floor, or curtains to shut
out the black night or the windows
that seemed to stare blindly in at me,
and wink as the candle flared in the
wind. I found my companion measur-
ing off his dreams by snores, and un-
dressing, "rolled in" as the landlord
had suggested. My stranger turned
over with something between a growl
and a grunt, as I crept to his side.Tired as I was, I could not sleep.
The bed-tick felt as if it was stuffed
with grasshoppers, and the pillows
were the sort to slip up one's nose in
the night, and be sneezed out during
the day. Besides this, my bed-fellow
snored abominably. It sounded like a
giant trying to blow "Old Hundred"
through a tin horn, without knowing
exactly how. I bore this infliction as
well as I could, and at last gave my
friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at
the same time:

"I say."

"Hillo--oh--what is it?" he asked
in a confused way."I am sorry to disturb you, but I
think it my duty to inform you that I
walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well
aware that this is a free country, and
if a man wishes to walk in his sleep,
there is no constitutional provision to
prevent him. But I wish to remark
that if I do walk, you had better not
interfere with me.""Oh! walk; I won't say a word
about it.""Well, don't. When addressed or
interfered with, I am apt to get fur-
ious. I nearly brained a poor man
with a dog iron, the other night."

"The devil you did."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I'll be blowed! That's rather
disagreeable. A fellow might un-
der an impulse, blurt out something to
you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last
the now wide-awake lodger asked ab-
rupt